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Wayside Gleanings.

FOR THE TIMES.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTELEY.

Fading away is the sweet Sabbath day,
Thickly the shadow-floes lie
Over the stars and the mellow moon-bars,
Up in the twilight sky;
Golden and red, from its purple bed,
Blue-eyed and smiling it rose;
Numberless eyes, in the sunless skies,
Weep, at its clouded close!

Holy and still, on the woodland hill,
Down in the wind-stirred dell,
Waking the hush, with its silvery gush,
Wavered the matin-bell;
Sinketh to rest, in the dim, gray west,
The ghost of the blue-eyed dawn;
Gleomy and pale, in the breathless vale,
Night-shadows are trailing on!

Oh! there was one, when the morning sun
Reddened the orient sea,
Whose soul fled away, from its prison of clay,
To the Temple of Eternity!
Why should we weep for the angel asleep,
Whose spirit it was wafted, in love,
Toa world ever bright, where cometh "no night"
To the Spirit's shadeless Sabbath above!
Alexandria, Va.

The Sabbath Scholar's Soliloquy.

When the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath-school;

For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath-school,
I'll away, away,
I'll away, away,
I'll away to the Sabbath-school.

On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees,
To the Sabbath-school I go;

When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath-school,
I'll away, &c.

In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there;

In the book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath-school,
I'll away, &c.

May the dawn of grace fill the hallowed place,
And the sunshine never fall,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale!

When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath-school,
I'll away, &c.

FOR THE TIMES.

LIFE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL.

Nay, tell me not that "man was made to mourn," that it is whispered on his infant brow—printed on his boyhood bloom and echoed from his furrowed cheek. I cannot believe this. Too much of freshness, joy and beauty blend themselves in the Life cup—too much of hope, love and happiness wreath themselves round the flower spread pathway. I will not believe the earth so full of sighs, frowns, tears, mockeries and miseries. I will not believe that far and wide throughout this green and beautiful world, there dwell thought but smiles of scorn; tears of remorse; sighs of bitterness; wails of anguish; crushed hope and broken hearts. Nay, force not upon me an idea so supremely ridiculous, as that of life being dull, flat, stale and weary. To my young heart it has ever been very, very bright and beautiful; there

is music in the groves and "fragrance on the air," there is harmony in every sound and loveliness in every scene. There is not a spire of grass, a creeping vine, a buzzing bee, babbling brooklet; rustling leaf, sighing breeze; floating cloud; grass grown hillock, but speak love and joy to the soul.

There is beauty in the fleet winged rainbow; as comes a crown to the darkest cloud, speaking hope and sweet promise to earth-born children. There is beauty in the dark waters that sweep across the earth, for from their still bosoms are reflected in silence and purity the deep, dark blue of Summer's lovely skies—and in the thousand diameters that crown the majestic brow of night. There is beauty in the sighing breeze for it bears on its open wing, sweet incense to delight and cheer, to revive and gladden. There is softness and dreamy, sweet beauty in the rosy dawn as it chases away the lingering shadows of night and sends mirth and sunshine to the darkest, deepest recess. There is grandeur and beauty in the brilliant noon day—and yet more in the gorgeous sunset hour. There is a beauty forever dear, in the twilight gray—the hour of gathering shadows—and in the darkness of night ah! who dare say, there is not beauty—grandeur—sublimity?

Beauty? yea, thrice beautiful art thou oh! night, for thy starry vault—thy quiet from the heathen world, thy visions of long buried forms; sweet familiar voices and warm, fervent embraces!

There is beauty in the early Spring, as it steals softly over the earth with its balmy voices and delicious movements—and in the gay Summer with its green chaplets and ambrosial flowers. There is beauty in the yellow Autumn, as it smiles in its plenteous store of rich fruits, laden barns and burdened berries, and in the tyrannical old Winter, with its relentless frosts, turbulent storms, ice-cold streamlets and snow cap mountains.

There is beauty, sweet innocent beauty in the tiny form of the new born babe, its fragile limbs; dimpled cheeks; tear lit eyes are very, very beautiful; and as it grows into childish loveliness it still is beautiful, the fair hair, dreamy eyes, pouting lips and lisping words are sweet, the merry laugh, gushing wildness, romping sports are lovely, the maiden dreams, sweet fearful hopes of womanhood, darling anticipations and joyous love scrapes are very, very charming; the blush of betrayed affections—the promise of fidelity—the marriage vow these are all beautiful.

Life is very bloomy, the world is very glad some and heart very sunny. Thousands and thousands of bright, happy voices greet us on every side, thousands and thousands of harmonic notes constantly thrill the heart strings and millions and millions of love-lit eyes, warm pressing hands, loud beating heart and adoring spirits throng our hourly path of joy peace and happiness.

FOR THE TIMES.

TEMPERANCE.

BY EMMA SOPHIA MILLS.

How sweet is that word, Temperance. It ought to strike a chord in every man and woman's bosom. But alas! how few there are that heed it. What happiness there would be, were it not for that liquid, which is politely called rum. How many thousands have been murdered by "liquid fire,"—(rightly it should have no other name, it would be the most proper one for it.) Has it not been a curse to this country? Has there been any good arisen from it? I all will answer "No!" Then why is it that men, who call themselves Christians,—in a Christian country, should make themselves equal to the brutes? Does it not ruin their constitutions; cutting them off in the bloom of life and in the vigor of manhood, making their brains, making them more like brutes than Christians. What good does it do? killing both

body and soul, disgracing their friends and family by their deeds?

If we take a look into our jails, we shall find that nearly all that are confined are those of intemperate habits. When a person is under the influence of intoxicating liquor he is ready to do any thing that is wicked. We find that the greater part of crimes are committed by persons whilst under the influence of spirituous liquor. It is shocking to see our young men, in where "liquid fire" is sold and to see them sneak in the door, like criminals. Young man, what are you ashamed of? why do you not go openly, and call for a glass of liquid fire give it the right name, and don't be so mean as to go behind the curtain to drink it. But stop, young man, what are you going to do? You are going to work the surest way to destroy the health, strength, and wound that mind which God has given you. But why has he given them to you? He, the Creator of all goodness did not give you them to abuse, as you do. He created you to be a blessing to your family and country, instead of which you will be an outcast in your family, and above all a disgrace to your country. Then young man, beware, before it is too late. Do not raise the wine cup to your lips, for at the bottom of it there is deadly poison; it will not only kill the body, but also the soul, and you will in your youth go down to fill a drunkard's grave. Then take the simple unpretending advice of a friend who wishes you well, and go, on your bended knees before God, and vow to Him that you will never again touch a drop of intoxicating liquor, and that God, who you vow to if you go in a right spirit, will keep you from being tempted, by evil associates, and He will bless you in this life, and in that which is to come.

We have so many sad accounts of family's having their happiness brokered with an intemperate husband or son. All the pleasures of a happy home are blasted, when drunkenness is in their midst. And to see the drunkard come staggering home from a drinking saloon; just take a look into his face, see his pale and haggard features—his eyes looking dim, and sunken in their sockets. They do not look like those of christian men. It is utterly impossible to tell what they do look-like. Notice the guilty look he has.

Intemperate man, you, who was born in a christian country, who had christian parents to watch over you, ought you not to know better! You would have been just as well off as you now are if you had been in a heathen land for what good you get out of christian education and examples. And yet intemperate man, you will persist in drinking. No doubt you fancy it does you good, and think you cannot get along without it. Nonsense! You can do without it, if you resolve never to touch a drop again; never on any occasion whatever. But, stop: after you have made that resolve go on your knees, and ask the giver of all Goodness to give you grace to resist temptation, and he will do it. How happy you would feel in your family. The liquor you drink does you no good; but on the contrary destroys your health and strength. God never created man for the purpose of distressing himself and his fellow man by the intemperate use of ardent spirits; He never thought of it! Happy, New England, when the banner of TEMPERANCE shall wave in all thy States, and christian people shall no more know the unhappy effects of intoxicating liquors, and when no more demijohns shall be seen stalking through the streets.

Bridgeport Conn.

How many, adorned with all the varieties of intellect, have stumbled, on the entrance into life, and have made a wrong choice on the very thing which was to determine their course forever! This is among the reasons, and, perhaps it is the principal one, why the wise and the happy are two distinct classes of men.

Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it never can be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never.

Literary.

PERCY;

OR,
THE BANISHED SON.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

CHAPTER III.

Late the next morning the surgeon arrived. The inflammation, caused by such protracted suffering, made it a very dangerous case, and for many days Mr. Montague lingered on the borders of the grave. Claude would have written to his friends, but the speechless lips of the sufferer could give no directions; and all that the young man could do, was to watch by his couch, and await the issues of life and death. At length the inflammation subsided, and the patient was pronounced out of immediate danger. Then Claude, at his request, wrote to Mr. Vance, his son-in-law, who resided with him, near one of the large towns of the Old Dominion, several days' journey from the mountain-cabin. A week must elapse, at the shortest possible calculation, before any of his family could arrive. In the mean time, though helpless and suffering from his broken limb, he gradually revived, and seemed to derive much pleasure from the conversation of his youthful friend, Claude, with the ingenuousness of youth, told him all his history.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" cried Mr. Montague moved even to tears; "so young and inexperienced! I will be a father to you; I have no son of my own; and you shall be the son of my adoption. I owe my life to your care, and am selfish enough to rejoice that Providence has opened a way in which I can show my gratitude, and pay, though but in a small degree, a debt so large. Oh, my dear boy, I will carry you to a happy home, where all is love, and peace, and joy. You shall have a sister, too, in my granddaughter—my sweet, sweet Mary. How happy she will be to have a companion whom she will love as a brother!"

Claude bent his head on the old man's hand, and a tear moistened the dry and feverish skin. "Think me not ungrateful, sir—but I cannot eat the bread of dependence."

"Fear not; I will put you in the way of earning an independent subsistence. You shall study law with Mr. Vance, if you like the profession. In the mean time you can give my Mary lessons in French and drawing, and thus make a compromise with pride. Deny me not, my son, for my heart clings to thee, and refuses to be separated from thee. I see the hand of Providence in this. Discovered by him who gave you birth, God has sent you to watch, with all a son's devotion, by my lonely pillow, and to be cherished in a bosom that feels for you already all a father's tenderness and love."

He opened his arms with a benign smile, and Claude felt as if he were indeed clasped to the bosom of a father. That night he wrote to Ella that he had found a home—a father; he had no longer a dark and aimless existence, but a future illumined by hope and promise; she must no longer mourn for the banished Romeo; bright days were yet in store, when love and faith and constancy would meet their reward.

What a change was made in that log-cabin by the arrival of Mr. Montague's family! He was a rich Southern planter, and had all the appliances of wealth and the refinements of luxury to grace his home. Downy beds, soft cushions, and rich curtains were all brought for the comfort of the invalid, as well as every delicacy that could please the taste and tempt the appetite. Mr. Vance was a noble specimen of a Virginia gentleman—his wife a fair, gentle, interesting-looking lady; but Mary—sweet Mary—how lovely she looked, clinging like a fair garland, round the neck of her aged grandfather! How angelic the expression of her dark eyes! How delicate the lines of her cheek! Not even the faintest tinge of red was visible on that beautiful cheek; it seemed too pure, too holy for the breath of human passion to pass over it.

"Ah, dear grandfather!" she cried, smoothing away his long, silky hair, and kissing his pale forehead, "you should not have crossed the mountains alone; you know how hard I pleaded to bear you company."

"These young arms could hardly check the fiery horses," cried he, fondly returning her affectionate caresses. "I believe I was wrong; but when we are very young, or very old, we are apt to be too self-relying and independent. Had not my driver fallen sick, so that I had to leave him and trust to the guidance of a stranger, this accident would not have overtaken me. But it is all right, and will prove a blessing to us all. It has given a dear young son to my old age, and a friend and brother to my gentle Mary."

Mary's dove-like eyes turned to him with a look of unutterable softness. They seemed to say, "My heart yearns for a brother; have I found one in thee?"

Claude was welcomed into this interesting family with expressions of the most cordial affection. His filial cares to the beloved father

of the household were repaid with unbounded gratitude. Claude thought that never was kindness that cost so little, so richly remunerated. It was no sacrifice to him to linger by the wayside, and while he administered comfort and assistance, drink in words of heavenly wisdom that strengthened and renovated his soul. This he repeated again and again; but Mr. Vance would thank him—his gentle wife would bless him—and Mary's melting glance would express a thousand grateful meanings. The sunny spirit of Claude began to sparkle once more, for the cloud which had gathered so darkly over him had "turned a silver lining to the night."

Mr. and Mrs. Vance returned home in a few days, for she had young children that required her care; but Mary remained with her grandfather, and shared with Claude the office of nurse. It would be weeks before his broken limb would be healed so as to admit of traveling; and during that time, the mountain-cabin seemed changed to a fairy grotto, and Mary the presiding sylph, who breathed a spell on everything around her. Mr. Montague was so much better that he could sit, propped up in bed for hours, reading; and then Claude and Mary would ramble about the woods in search of evergreens to decorate the walls, or moss from the gray old rocks. It was winter, and no gay, sweet flower peeped forth from the green underwood; but Mary was such a lover of nature that she would wander abroad if there was nothing to look upon but the clear blue heavens, and "the grand old woods." She had brought her guitar, for Mr. Montague loved Mary's singing better than any music in the world, and Mary did not like to sing without an accompaniment. But she had an accompaniment now sweeter than any instrument and that was the voice of Claude—the clearest, richest, most melodious voice that ever warbled from human lips. It was astonishing to hear such music as they made, gushing through the chinks of that old log-cabin.

When Mr. Montague was tired of sitting up and reading himself, he would lean back on his couch, and Mary and Claude would take turns in reading aloud. Every night before he fell asleep, they would read a chapter in the Bible, and Claude thought the poetry of Shakespeare less beautiful than the minstrelsy of David, breathed from the sweet lips of Mary Vance.

What would poor Ella have thought, who was mourning in desolation of soul for her banished cousin, and whom she depicted to her self as a forlorn and heart-broken wanderer, could she have seen this young creature, associated in such an endearing task, and bound by such tender and near-drawing ties? And was he in danger of forgetting Ella—the companion of his childhood—the generous devoted, fond and faithful Ella? No! the presence of Mary only brought her, by the force of contrast, more vividly and constantly to his remembrance. Hers was the changing cheek and lightning glance that spoke of the quick-flowing blood and the electric spirit; Mary's the pearl-white skin, and the soft, heavenly, prayerful eye, that reminded one of a beauty not of this world. Ella was the loveliest of the daughters of earth, and he loved her with youth's first, warmest passion; Mary, an image of the angels of Heaven, whom he could worship and adore as a guardian saint. No! in Mary's presence he loved Ella with a holier deeper love, for she awoke all that was pure and holy in his nature. It was only the poetry of nursing that devolved on Claude and Mary. All the drudgery, if such it could be called, where all seemed a labor of love, was performed by a negro servant—an old and attached slave—who had come to take care of her old master. It was affecting to see with what tenderness, reverence, and devotion, she watched over him; what motherly kindness and love she manifested for her sweet young mistress! Mrs. Vance would hardly have been willing to have left Mary with her helpless grandfather, and this fascinating young stranger, had it not been for the guardianship of this faithful and intelligent creature.

The log-cabin was deserted, and the evergreen wreaths hung withering on the walls. Mr. Montague returned to his home, still an invalid, but able to walk, supported by the arm of a friend. It was a beautiful scene! The return of the Christian master—the affectionate father—the beloved patriarch—to his own dwelling! To see the rows of negroes, with smiling ivory gleaming white through their sable lips, looking so happy, so respectful, standing each side of the avenue that led to the noble mansion, ready to welcome home their almost worshipped master; to see him bending his venerable head, with such a benign smile, and taking these humble affectionate creatures, so kindly by the hand, asking after their welfare, and blessing God that he was permitted to return to them once more! Whoever had witnessed this scene would have been convinced that the bond that binds the master and the slave, is not always an iron band, and that beautiful flowers of gratitude and affection may be made to flourish in the dark bosom of the negro.

Warm was the welcome they gave the young master, who was established at once as an adopted son in this abode of princely hospitality. He immediately commenced his studies with Mr. Vance, and his instructions to Mary. By day, an indefatigable student; at night, the teacher of his lovely adopted sister.

Days, weeks and months, passed away. Mr. Montague noticed, with anxiety, that Claude's brow was a sudden expression, and his cheek a paler hue. Ah! he began to feel the withering force that he was forgotten by Ella, as well as disowned by his father. He had

written again and again to the first, telling her where to direct her replies; and once he had written to his father—not to ask for restoration to favor—not to supplicate for his forfeited place in his heart and home—but to tell him of the friends he had found, the profession he had chosen, and the solemn resolution he had formed to make himself worthy of the name of Percy—so that, in future years, when his "reformation, glittering o'er his fault," should efface his shadow from remembrance, he would dare to claim his esteem as a man, though he had alienated his affection as a son. In this high-toned, manly spirit, wrote the banished youth; and yet no reply was vouchsafed by the indefatigable father—no answer came from the once loving and devoted cousin. Had not the heart of Claude been shielded by a prior attachment, that was entwined with every fibre of his being, he could not have been insensible to the almost celestial loveliness of Mary. Nor was he insensible. She was to him the incarnation of all that was pure and holy—the sister of his soul—the star of his spiritual heaven. But Ella was

"A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food—
For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

But Mary, though she had the face of an angel, had the heart of a woman, which, though it sent no blushing heralds to the cheek, throbbled wildly and warmly with newly awakened emotions. In the solitude of that mountain cabin, the light of a new existence had begun to dawn upon her, and that light had grown brighter and brighter, till it enveloped her spirit, as with a glory.

Thus two years had passed away. The letters of Claude still remained unanswered, and with a freezing sense of her heartlessness and inconstancy, he tried to forget the Juliet of his boyish imagination. He was assisted in this by a solemn scene, in which he was made an actor.

The aged grandfather lay upon his death-bed. He had never recovered from the effects of the accident, which led to the adoption of the banished Claude. Threescore-years-and-ten had left their snows upon his head, without withering the blood of his heart. But death was now near, and the warmest heart grows cold at his touch. Once, when it was believed he slept, and Mary and Claude sat by his bedside, as they had often done in the mountain cabin—he opened his eyes and gazed upon them both so earnestly and wistfully that they involuntarily drew nearer to him, and asked him what he desired.

"My children," said he, in feeble accents, taking a hand of each and clasping them in his own, "I am going home. The aged pilgrim is about to return to his God. But you young travelers, your journey is but just begun. It is a weary journey; but, if we go hand in hand with one who loves us, the way seems smooth and pleasant to the feet. Mary, my darling, you have been the child of my old age—the object of many prayers. I die happy; for I know there's one—whose hand is even now clasped in mine—who will make life a sweet pilgrimage to you. Claude, my dear Claude, I know you and my sweet Mary love each other! Both so good—so beautiful! Heaven has made you for each other! I give her to you Claude, as my dying legacy; and may the Lord be gracious to you, as you are faithful to this holy trust."

Claude, incapable of utterance, knelt by the side of the kneeling Mary. Her hand trembled in his—her eyes, swimming in tears, for one moment turned towards him, then lifted to Heaven, were filled with a love so deep, so pure, yet so impassioned—a love which, for the first time, she had suffered to rise from the depth of her heart free and uncheckered—sanctioned and hallowed, as it now was, by the blessing of a dying saint! Claude would as soon have disputed the decree of Heaven, as the wish of his benefactor.

The patriarch was gathered to his fathers. The leaves of autumn fell upon his grave. With the flowers of May, Mary's bridal garlands were to be woven.

Thus solemnly betrothed, without any violation of his own, Claude was at first oppressed by the most strange and bewildering sensations; but honor, gratitude, and delicacy, all urged him to endeavor to transfer to Mary the love he had so long cherished for the faithless Ella. He would think of her no more. She belonged to the life that was passed—the life of vanity, self-indulgence, and pride; Mary, to that new and spiritual life, born of suffering and self-humiliation.

Mary's cheek had always been as colorless as Parian marble. Now a soft, bright rose-tint began to tinge its snow, and a lustrous beam was seen playing in the depths of her soft dark eye. Claude watched, with deepening tenderness, these bright and shifting hues. They humanized, as it were, her too spiritual loveliness, and gave her a resemblance to one, whose image could never be destroyed. Claude grew happier in the consciousness of his increasing love for Mary, but an unaccountable sadness seemed to oppress her. Often, when he attempted to lead her mind to sweet thoughts of the future, she would lean her head in silence on his bosom and weep; and all the time her cheek wore a deeper rose, and her eye a more intense lustre.

One evening—it was a warm, dewy, moonlighted April evening—Mary sat with Claude in the long, pillared piazza. The vine-leaves, already in full luxuriance, clustered round the pillars, and cast their shadows on Mary's auburn brow. He held one of her hands in his, and they sat in silence looking out into the pale, silvery night. A slight shiver ran through Mary's frame.

"The night air is too damp," said Claude; for, though she shuddered, her hand glowed with feverish heat. "Let us go in, Mary, lest a mildew fall to wither the blossoms of my May."

"It is so lovely, sitting here in the moonlight!" cried Mary, looking upward with a melancholy smile; "and when this moon has waxed and waned, another comes with softer, mellow light, who knows if any eyes will be permitted to gaze upon its beauty?"

"Why speak in so sad a strain, my Mary, when everything around us breathes of love and love, and joy? Ah! you know not the fear your deepening melancholy awakens, as the hour approaches that will make me mine for ever—the fear that you love me no more."

"Not love you? Not love you, Claude!" repeated she with impassioned emphasis. Then suddenly throwing her arms round his neck, and suffering her head to drop upon his shoulder: "Oh, it is this love—too strong—too deep—binding me too closely to life—that makes my misery and despair! Oh! Claude—Claude—I can not, can not give thee up!"

"Mary, talk not so wildly. You alarm—you terrify me—you know not what you utter." "Yes, Claude," raising her head, and fixing on him a dark, thrilling glance. "I know too well what I am uttering; I have wanted strength to say it; but I could not bear; you have made life so dear to me. Put your hand on my heart, Claude and feel it flutter like the wings of a dying bird. Thus it flutters day and night; I hear it; I feel it; I know that I am dying. It was thus she died—my own sweet sister! Oh, Claude, I love you too well; there is not room in this poor, weak heart, for such boundless love. It is breaking—dying!"

Her arms relaxed; her head fell heavily on his breast; she had fainted. The almost frantic Claude bore her into the house. The father and mother hung over her with an anguish which only those parents know, who have seen sweet household blossoms wither thus instantaneously in their arms. Another lovely daughter of the family, an elder sister had been smitten in a similar manner. Thus insidiously had been the approaches of disease—thus sudden had been the prostration. It was strange they had not perceived, and been alarmed by the symptoms—the hectic flush, the lustreous eye, the quick and panting breath. But they thought the purple bloom of love was in her cheek, and its agitation in her heart. They dreamed not the destroyer was near.

The anguish of Claude baffled description. Mary, with the doom of death hanging over her young life, was loved as she never had been in the hour of health and joy. He would willingly have purchased her life with the sacrifice of his own. Her loveliness, purity, and truth, and above all, the intensity of her love, were worthy of such a price. That one so young so fair, so angel-like and loving, should die in the brilliancy of her bloom, and lie down beneath the clouds of the valley—it could not be, God, the Almighty, would stretch out his omnipotent arm, and save her; God, the All-merciful, would not inflict so fearful a chastisement.

It was not till near the dawn of morning, that Claude sunk into a feverish slumber. Then the shrouded form of his adopted father seemed to stand by his bed-side, and in a voice deep and solemn as the distant murmurs of the ocean exclaimed, "Be still and know that I am God; thus saith the Lord." Claude trembled in every limb. Again the voice from the grave spoke: "Return, my son—return to the home of thy fathers. We, that love you here, are leaving you, one by one. You have a mission yet to fulfil, before we meet again." The vision faded, but it left a deep and solemn impression on the mind of Claude.

When he stood by the couch of Mary, hope rekindled in his heart. Surely, death never came in a guise like that! The rose is glowing in her cheek with even brighter radiance. Alas! the blood that dyes that glowing rose is taken, drop by drop, from the fountain of life. Mary had been struggling with her destiny, silently, darkly—struggling in the strength of her love—that human love which had interposed a shadow between her, and her Heavenly Father's face. But now the strife was over. She met him with a smile of heavenly ecstacy.

"I am calm, now, my beloved," she cried. "God has given me strength to resign thee. Oh, Claude, I have been an idolater, and my soul must be torn from the idol I adored. I have sinned, and deserve the chastisement—Had I been permitted to live for thee, the world would have been too dear to me. I would have asked no other heaven."

Thus she continued to speak to him, who knelt in speechless agony at her side, till her fluttering breath could no longer utter any but broken sentences—and then her eyes, bent up on his face, beamed with unutterable love.

Mary died—the sweet, holy-minded creature who seemed lent to earth a little while to show what angels are—and the flowers of May, that were to have decorated her bridal hours, were strewn upon her shroud. Never had she looked so transcendently lovely, as when folded in her winding sheet, with white roses, less white than her "fair and unpolished flesh," scattered over her motionless breast, her long, soft lashes, resting on her cheek of snow, and her exquisite features breathing the stillness of everlasting repose. A smile of more than mortal sweetness rested on her pallid lips, and seemed to mock their icy coldness. But beautiful as she was, she was but dust, and she had returned to dust again. They buried her by the side of her aged grandfather, and scattered the earth—over the face of eighteen summers.

"Let us leave Claude awhile to the memory of the dead," let us return to that cold, stern, proud man whom we left upon his bed of down, [To be Continued.]

THE GREETING.
Sing the song of Jubilee!
We shall sing its jubilee!
Every little heart shall raise
A voice to our festival.
Parents, teachers, children, all;
God has spared us through the year,
And in mercy brought us here.
All unite to praise our God,
For his grace on us bestow'd!
Hail to the songs we raise—
Happy songs of grateful praise.
Now we sing our jubilee!
Welcome shall its coming be!
Praising notes of grateful praise,
Every little heart shall raise.

News of the Day.

THE FUTURE OF NICARAGUA.—The following paragraph is quite a romantic aspect. It, however, dimly shadows what may take place at some future time in Nicaragua. The writer has furnished a vivid picture, and evidently looks longingly and anxiously into the future.

Let us hope that the fierce contest now in progress—contests in which many lives no doubt will be sacrificed—some compensation will be realized in an improved condition of affairs in that country.

From *El Nicaraguense*, Sept. 20.

At no great distance from the city of Granada, are situated a cluster of the most beautiful and fertile islands it is possible to conceive. They vary from a few square yards to several square miles in superficial extent. Beyond these, and separated from them by a deep, navigable channel, stands the large island of Zapatero, whose bold headlands and irregular surface serve as a guide to all who navigate the lake. Zapatero is in its western extremity, scooped out so as to form an almost circular bay, and the shore of the main and opposite having a deep curve, an almost circular bay is formed of several sheltered by highlands as to make the slightest skill lie secure upon its surface even when storms may be lashing into fury the more exposed parts of lake Nicaragua. The southeastern portion of this is also entered by a channel of deep water, which divides the southeastern extremity of Zapatero from the main land. The steamer San Carlos has already entered the bay described, by the last mentioned channel, and ascertained that the water is of sufficient depth to afford secure anchorage for vessels.

The northern part of the bay is bounded by the cluster known as the "Thousand Islands," each one of which, to our mind, is a short time destined to be full of houses, stores and commercial ware, and where vessels of considerable tonnage can move from one depot to another with more care than on carts now used in Granada move from one street to another. On this city of a thousand islands pure cool water will be always convenient, and it would be impossible for impurities or infections to exist in its vicinity. Here canals will occupy the place of streets, and light fairy like pleasure boats will supercede horses. Here, instead of a Wall street we will have a Rialto; here will be seen and heard sonors and serenitas in gondolas singing love songs in the starlight; and here will be the most pleasing combination of health, convenience and beauty in any city upon which the sun ever shone.

Valuable Coal Mine on the Pacific.

By recent dispatches to the Navy Department from Commander Swartwout, of the United States steamer Massachusetts the important fact is communicated of a discovery of valuable coal on the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. This discovery was made by Capt. J. H. Thordike. About four tons of it was dug out by Indians and tested on board the Massachusetts, though the test, as Commander Swartwout remarks: "Cannot be considered as a fair one, because, as miners call it, it was the first crop of coal, taken about three feet below the surface, and which is always regarded as refuse. Doubtless when they get deeper into this mine the specific gravity and other valuable properties will prove to be greatly enhanced."

The situation of this mine is on Foca Straits, nearly equidistant between Pillar Bay and Callam Bay, and about twenty-three miles from Cape Flattery. In reporting on the local position and circumstances of this mine, Capt. Thordike says:

"The height on the mountain is from ten to twelve hundred feet; the formation is sandstone; six leads of coal ranging in thickness from one to three feet, dip 10 degrees. Distance between coal leads ranging from twelve to one hundred feet. From high water mark thirty feet to low water mark 150 feet. From coal leads to bathos water about 600 feet."

Capt. Thordike has commenced working the mine with some experienced English miners, who report very favorably of the qualities of the coal. The mine is admirably situated as respects facility of drainage and shipment.

Assistant Engineer Patterson, of the Massachusetts reports of this coal, after the test, in the following terms:

"I find it superior to any coal I have seen in this band, with one exception;

that is, its rapidity of combustion. It leaves about five per cent. of clinker, which with proper tools can be easily removed from the grate. The weight is forty-seven pounds per cubic foot, and deposits, including clinker, about thirty per cent. by measure. It compares with Cumberland coal for weight against equal bulk as eight to ten, evaporate efficiency six to ten."

Without pretending to a precise analysis Mr. Patterson estimates this coal to consist of about seventy parts of carbon, twenty of bitumen, with the remaining ten parts of silica and earthy matter.

The Central American Question.

Some of our exchanges have given what they supposed to be the terms of the settlement of this question between Great Britain and the United States. It is true the difficulties, so long pending, are at last settled, yet no dependence is to be placed in the speculations on the subject, as the terms will not be made known to the public for the present. We are, however, rejoiced to know that there is a chance for an amicable settlement of this knotty affair.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce has the following on the subject:

"In regard to the terms of this arrangement, I can state positively that they are not known to the public, and will not be made known before the President's next Annual Message shall appear. Indeed, it appears that the terms are not yet definitely settled in regard to the Musquito Protectorate, but probably soon will be. It is only certain that the Bay Islands question is settled, by their retrocession to the State of Honduras. I notice that the inhabitants of the Island of Rucatan—chiefly blacks from Jamaica—have remonstrated against this measure, and threaten to resist it, and to declare their independence; but it is too late for remonstrance—for the deed has been diplomatically done."

I am quite certain, also, that the proposed settlement will not involve an abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, but will, on the contrary, so explain, define, and modify it, as to cause it to work well hereafter, and fulfil the original intention and wishes of the distinguished diplomatists who negotiated it.

It is a subject of regret that Mr. Clayton's life was not spared to permit him to witness the consummation of a work upon which he had bestowed so much care, and which had caused him so much painful anxiety.

If the Treaty is to be enforced; it follows that the clause restricting each of the contracting parties from acquiring or annexing any portion of the territory of Central America, will be respected. It follows that the bugbear invented by the Republicans, upon the eve of the late Presidential election, of the annexation of Walker's domain to the American Union, might as well be put to rest.

Horrible Barbarity.

Rev. Mr. Beacham, a member of the "London Wesleyan Mission," has returned from a visit to Africa, and in a sketch of the negroes inhabiting the Gold Coast and its vicinity, which we find in the Honolulu Religious Journal, he furnishes a picture exceeding in horrors anything we had yet believed of beings beneath the human form. He stated source has any one of their bloody customs been abandoned since they first became known to Europeans. They will even pave their court yard, palaces and even their streets or market places of their villages or towns with the skulls of those butchered in the wars, at feasts, funerals, or at sacrifices to Bossun. When Adahausen died, two hundred and eighty of his wives were butchered before the arrival of his successor, which put a stop to it, only to increase of flow of blood and the number of deaths in other ways. The remaining living wives were buried alive, amid dancing, singing, and bewailing, the noise of muskets, horns, drums, yells, groans and sereches. The victims were marched along with large knives passed through their cheeks. The executioners struggle for the bloody office, while the victims look on and endure with apathy. Upon the death of the king's brother, four thousand lives were thus sacrificed. Upon the death of a king of Ashante, a general massacre took place, and there can be no computation of the number of victims. At their Yam costumes, Mr. Bowditch, (another Englishman) witnessed a horrible sight. Every cabover, or noble, sacrificed a slave as he entered the gate. Heads and skulls formed the ornaments in their procession. The blood of the victims is collected and quaffed as a delicious beverage. The king of Dahomey paves the approaches to his palace and the battlements of his castles with the skulls of his victims, and the great Fetich tree, at Bodagra, had its wide-spread branches laden with human carcasses and limbs.

TERRIBLE TORNADO.—We understand that on the evening of the 3d instant, a portion of this county was visited by a terrible tornado. It commenced somewhere near Alexander's Ferry on the Catavla river and passed over the plantation of R. S. McGee, on the Western plank road, where it blew down nearly every house on its place, thence in a direct line across the county to John R. Alexander's on the Statesville road, where it blew down his gin house and blacksmith shop, thence to Mr. Christenbury's blowing off the second story of his house; but the old gentleman and his wife being in the house escaped, the floor protecting them. We learn that the tornado reached Poplar Tent, in

Cabarrus county. We have heard of no serious accident, but great damage has been done to the timber.—*Charlotte Whig.*

Business in California.

Mining, the great leading interest of our State, is, as a general thing, in a prosperous condition. This is especially the case upon the rivers, which, owing to the unusual drought, are lower than ever before. This, while it cuts short the supply of those dependent upon ditches, facilitates operations in the beds of the streams, which are being conducted on a more extensive scale than during any preceding year. The yield from this source will be immense before the close of the season, especially should the rains hold off late. The working of quartz, although not always attended with success, is a whole satisfactory, and the prospect encouraging. In many parts of the country but little can be done for the want of water. Works supplying this want are in great demand, and offer the best opportunities for investment.

This will prove a profitable season to the nurseryman, the stock raiser, and the farmer. The former has produced large quantities of fruit, for which he has found ready sales and good prices. We know of many who will realize small fortunes from the sale of the peaches alone. The crops throughout the State have been good, except in some of the southern districts, where they suffered from the dry weather. Prices also of agricultural produce have been fair, thus securing the farmer a better remuneration, perhaps, than any preceding year.

In fact, a general survey of our condition and affairs leads to the belief that, as a people, we are prosperous and progressive. The cities and towns of the interior lately destroyed by fire are already, in a great measure, rebuilt.

Education having been provided for with a liberality that brings it within the reach of all, all classes seem disposed to avail themselves of its advantages; so we have at present as large a number of scholars in our public schools, compared with our population, as any other city in the Union, while, in addition to these, high schools have been established both in this place and in Sacramento.

And last, yet more important than all, crime has been checked; vice and immorality have been sensibly diminished, and religion have been advanced in our midst.—*Alta California.*

A BANK COLLAPSED.—The Manufacturers' and Mechanics Bank of Columbus, Ga., has utterly burst. It failed to open its doors as usual on Monday morning last, which significant fact, caused tremendous excitement among the holders of its notes. The Columbus Sun says:

We have heard of several individuals who hold its bills for over \$2,000. What its condition is no one seems at all informed. We saw its bills changing hands as low as 25 cents on the dollar. We are disposed to think the case not so bad as to justify so great a sacrifice. It is reasonable to suppose its stockholders good for at least half of its liabilities. Everybody accords to Dr. Taylor, its President, the greatest integrity, and think the difficulty into which the Bank has gotten, is from deception practised upon him by parties at a distance, in which he had placed undervalued confidence. We advise all who can do so, to hold on to its bills. We have taken steps to obtain the names of its stockholders, and when obtained, shall give them to the public, when they will be better able to judge of the value of its issues.

WHAT A CITY!—A ragged school association, in a public appeal, state there are in London 1,400,000 who never attend public worship, 150,000 habitual drunkards, 150,000 open profligates, 20,000 professed beggars, 10,000 gamblers, 30,000 destitute children, 3,000 receivers of stolen goods. More than 10,000 young men under eighteen years of age are annually committed for theft in Great Britain.

"TIT FOR TAT."—This is the title of a most wonderful book just written by a lady of New Orleans, and issued from the press for the perusal of all persons whose minds have been poisoned by the pernicious exaggerations of American Life and Negro Slavery to be found in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred." The lady of New Orleans has done her work manfully. She shows clearly that those who cry out against negro slavery, and utter the rankest falsehoods about that institution, are the supporters and proprietors of a system of white slavery more cruel and debasing in its character and operations than the most skillful romanticist could imagine. The lady author has pictured these facts in the most delicate and entertaining style, eschewing everything in the shape of abuse, vulgarity and philippic, and relying upon the authenticity of her data for the production of a healthy and effectual antidote to the poisons administered by the Duchess of Sutherland and her counterparts and toolies. "Tit for Tat," apart from the interest it merits as a reply and offset to British slander, is worthy of an extended circulation as a source of entertainment. It is one of the most fascinating novels of the day. Its forty chapters embrace as much food for amusement as any similar

quantity of reading in the Waverly Library.—*Rich. Whig.*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The San Antonio Texan says that the complete success of artesian wells, proved by the late expedition of Capt. Pope, has removed the last vestige of an excuse for the enemies of the Southern route for the Pacific Road. It is now well known that, with a trifling expense, crystal fountains of the purest water may be procured over the short section of country that was thought to be destitute of water. The fact is also established that abundance of fuel can easily be procured in the same section of country.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Washington, Nov. 15.—The contracts for deepening the mouth of the Mississippi river were yesterday concluded with Messrs. Cray & Righton, of Kentucky. They contract to execute the work and maintain it for four years and a half for \$320,000.

DEATH OF SENATOR CLAYTON.—We have been for some time advised of the failing health of Hon. John M. Clayton, U. S. Senator from Delaware, and regret now to learn of his decease. He died at his residence at Dover, Delaware, on Sunday evening, after being confined for some weeks. Mr. Clayton had long been distinguished in the councils of the country, serving in several Congresses as the representative of his State, and as Senator. In the palmy days of the old whig party, he maintained an honorable and noted position among its able leaders, and on the accession of Gen. Taylor to the Presidential chair he called Mr. Clayton to the important post of Secretary of State. While occupying this position he negotiated the celebrated Central American treaty with the British plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Bulwer, familiarly known as the Clayton Bulwer treaty, and the interpretation of which has been almost ever since a subject of diplomatic controversy.

A BUNDLE OF ELOPEMENTS.—The Buffalo Express gives the following chapter on domestic difficulties:—Mrs. King, near Kingston, was recently taken sick, and her husband seized the opportunity to elope with a handsome servant girl named Martin. On their arrival in Albany, Miss Martin eloped with a young man named Cornelius, taking Mr. King's money. King being penitent returned home and found that his wife had eloped with a dry-goods clerk named Jeffers with all the movable articles in the house. Whereupon King started off in pursuit, considering himself a deeply injured man.

MORNING AN AMERICAN CONSUL.—A letter in the N. Y. Times, dated St. Domingo City, Oct. 15, says:

On the night of the 11th of October, a mob, instigated by Mr. A. M. Segovia, Spanish Consul General, assembled before the United States Consulate, for the purpose of pulling down the flag-staff and the sign, throwing stones against the eagle, and making the greatest disorder. There were also cries of "Down with the filibusters!" "Down with the American ensign!" The American Consul, Mr. Jacob Pereira, repaired to the spot for the purpose of imposing respect, but all his efforts were in vain.—Not being able at that moment to obtain any assistance from the authorities, he was obliged, for the safety of his person and life, to leave the place of disorder.

The morning after the riot the American Consul represented the case to the Government by means of an official note, and the Mayor was immediately informed of the conduct of Mr. Segovia. The Mayor then called on the American Consul to offer him protection, and a file of soldiers to impose that respect which was due to the United States Consulate. This was, however, refused by Fr. Pereira, who stated that the American flag needed no guard to cause it to be respected, and that he was then prepared to meet any mob that might appear. But all disturbances were soon quelled.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS.—The receipts of the Boards of the Presbyterian Church (Old School) for September are reported as follows: Domestic missions, \$4,070 24; education, \$1,562 25; foreign missions, \$4,738 02; publication, \$5,204 02; donations and sales, inclusive and church extension, \$998,12. Total, \$16,553 25.

GIGANTIC STEAMSHIP ENTERPRISE.—We see by our latest San Francisco exchanges that a proposition is on foot in that city for the establishment of a new line of steamships between San Francisco and New York, via Panama, the capacity of the vessels to be to the performance of the entire distance in fifteen days. The plans are drawn for the construction of steamers four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and fifty feet in the beam, having two separate and distinct engines, with four wheels, and accommodation for three thousand passengers.

IRON BANDS.—With the exception of a few miles in Virginia, there is now a connected line of railroad all the way from Bangor, on the Penobscot to Montgomery

on the Alabama; ere long, the chain will be extended westward until it reaches the shores of the Pacific.

THE CROPS AHEAD.—The best authorities support the opinion that the wheat crop of England will reach a full average this year. At the same time, it is not by any means anticipated that prices will be depressed much below their present level. The crop in France is below the average, and evidently much of the grain shipped from the sea of Azoff will find its way to Marseilles instead of Liverpool. The only country in a position to ship largely is America, and we presume our farmers may expect a demand for whatever they are to export. Very unfavorable accounts have been received of the potato crop in England, though as yet the actual losses from disease are said to be trifling certainly not in excess of last year. The yield of barley is good, though some is not fit for malting on account of the harvest rains. Oats, beans and peas are a large growth, both as to quantity and quality. The second crop of hay has turned out large, and as the first cut was by far the largest ever recollected, their will be no want of good feeding during the next 8 months. As to Ireland and Scotland, the greater portion of the crops had been secured at our last advices, and report speaks favorably of this yield.—*Country Gentleman.*

HON. E. G. READE.—We learn from the Milton Chronicle that the health of the Hon. E. G. Reade is still very precarious. He has for some time past been confined to his room. His bad health ever since he returned from Congress will account for his silence in the political contest through which we have just passed. Indeed, his health forbids his making a speech during the session of the last Congress.

The Chronicle is authorized to say that nothing would have afforded this distinguished gentleman greater pleasure than to have been permitted to take an active part in the political struggle which closed on the 4th inst.

A MEDICAL JOURNAL.—Dr. S. S. Satchell, Secretary of the North Carolina Medical Society, has, in accordance with a resolution of that society, issued a Prospectus for a "Journal of Medicine and Surgery," for the 1st of November. It is a cant nautical phrase which describes the style of American progression—steady by jerks.

Governor's Message.—The message of Governor Briggs will not doubt be sent in to the two Houses of the General Assembly to-day, at 12 o'clock. It shall appear in our next.—*Standard of Tuesday.*

MELANCHOLY DEATH.—We learn that a Mr. Leeper, from Charlotte, N. C., died at Mr. Minton's hotel, on Sunday evening.

On Sunday night a week preceding his death, in a fit of mental aberration, superinduced by fever, he walked out of the window of the third story, and fell from an elevation of about twenty-six feet, breaking the bones of his right thigh, and shattering dreadfully the knee pan. The effects of the fall, combined with the typhoid fever, proved too much for his constitution, and he expired on Sunday.—*Winston's S. C. Register.*

SOAP.—We have already noticed the beautiful samples of soap, exhibited at the Fair by Messrs. Rowland & Bro., and would now remark that their manufacture of the article is on a very extensive scale, and that it has obtained a high reputation as well as a widespread demand. We are informed that the "Rowland brand" is so great a favorite with the trade that they have always orders ahead of their supply.—*Norfolk Herald.*

INTERESTING DECISION.—On a recent trial for murder in Watson county, Missouri, a lad who was instigated to fire the gun which caused the death of the victim, by his father, was acquitted, and the father an adult accomplice convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

GREAT CHANGE IN THE LINE COAST.—In 1852, an English ship stranded near New Rochelle. Such have been the changes in the sea, that the wreck now lies in the midst of cultivated field, thirteen feet above the sea, and around it are two thousand acres of cultivated land.

SAMSON (N. C.) SUPERIOR COURT.—At its Fall Term, last week, Judge Dick passed sentence on Jacob Johnson, for the murder of Jacob Stewart, committed in Harnett county some two years ago. The execution is to take place on Friday the 19th of December.

PAPER FROM SUNFLOWERS.—Near Erith a crop is about to be gathered of about four acres of sunflowers. The seeds will be used for oil, and to feed cattle and poultry, as in the South of France; but the chief object is to obtain the fibre of the stalks for paper making. If the cultivation suc-

ceeds, it is expected to supply abundant materials for fine writing and printing papers, as well as fine and coarse paper for hanging.—*Charleston Mercury.*

From Central America.

New York, Nov. 17.—The steamship Texas has arrived from San Juan via Key West. She connected with the Sierra Nevada from San Francisco, 20th ult.

Granada advises to 1st instant state that matters in Nicaragua were quiet since the battle of Masaya. Walker was awaiting the arrival of recruits before marching upon Masaya and Leon. Gen. Hensengen, who superseded Gen. Auria, was drilling the army in the use of mounted howitzers and minnie rifles. The whole army counts 2,000 men—all in good spirits and eager for an engagement with the enemy. It was thought that a decisive battle would be fought about 10th November.

Advices from the mines were favorable. Another rich silver vein had been opened. Extensive copper mines were found in the vicinity of Boaco. A topographical and geological survey of the State is to be made. The Texas brings 400 passengers and \$17,000 in specie. Among her passengers are Don Fernan Ferrer, the new Nicaraguan Minister, Col. J. H. Wheeler, the American Minister to Nicaragua, and Col. Fabens, bearer of dispatches from Genl. Walker.

THE MOOSE ON THE TRACK. A locomotive was thrown from the track the other day in Maine, by coming in contact with a moose which weighed one thousand pounds. So says the papers, and the scrap of news circulates without comment or remark. But it is curious American and very significant. It is one of many things which show how advanced civilization in this western world frequently comes in contact with the obstructions of primitive wildness; how high finish and bare nature, the artificial appliances of progress and the most primeval simplicity are placed in wonderful juxtaposition. Such meetings of extremes, we who are among them, see and read of without a word or thought of surprise, although to our cousins over the water, they are subjects of great perplexity.

We are a go-ahead people; shooting on in advance of all reasonable notions of speed; meeting many mooses and other strange obstructions, commercial, political and social; getting knocked off the track; making profit out of the catastrophe, (as the stokers and passengers in Maine make or might have made moose steaks out of the cause of their misfortune,) improving a forced stop to make repairs and take breath—and then, hey! for sixty miles an hour and then the next smash up. There is a cant nautical phrase which describes the style of American progression—steady by jerks.

The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of N. Carolina adjourned on Saturday evening to meet at Charlotte on Wednesday before the 4th Sunday in October, 1857. We understand its deliberations were of unusual interest, eliciting talent and argumentative powers of the highest order. The subjects which elicited most discussion: Theological Seminary, the Report of the Committee on Education, and a resolve asking the body to sustain the Central Presbyterian Newspaper, published in Richmond, Va. The best temper characterized these debates, and a truly christian spirit prevailed.

The presentation of the claims of the Bible Society, by Rev. Jas. McNeill, and the addresses on this subject by Rev. Mr. Schenck of Philadelphia, and Rev. Dr. Hoge of Richmond, Va., were listened to by a crowded house on Saturday evening.

The attendance on Synod was larger, and the number of Communicants greater, than at any former session in the history of the body, no matter where held.—*Fay Observer, 17th inst.*

A FIGHT WITH ALABAMA DARKIES.—Mr. Chester, the editor of the Syracuse Journal, has received a letter from his brother-in-law, William Wright, Esq., who is now traveling in the South, detailing the particulars of an exciting scene through which he had lately passed. Mr. Wright was traveling in company with a party of gentlemen, by stage, towards Tusculum, Ala., on the 19th ult. The roads were new, and a portion lay through a thick swamp. While in the midst of this swamp, nine negroes surrounded the stage and ordered the occupants to alight and deliver. One of the stage party refused to comply with their demands when a fight ensued. A burly negro attacked Mr. Wright and was dispatched by his dirk. Another, when he saw his comrade fall, pitched upon Mr. Wright, succeeded in depriving him of his dirk and attempted to stab him. In warding off the blow, Mr. Wright lost three of his fingers. The negro was subsequently shot by one of the party. At this juncture another stage came up, and the seven remaining negroes made hasty exit.

ARREST OF MAYOR WOOD.—Mayor Wood, of New York, having on election day taken upon himself the responsibility of illegally discharging several persons who had been arrested for illegal voting, and obstructing the passage to the polls according to laws, &c., without proper bail, Recorder Smith issued a warrant late in the afternoon for his arrest, and he was accordingly taken in custody.

SACK SALT.—200 Sacks in fine order, low for cash at GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO. Wilmington, Nov. 8.

HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE.—The Board of Trustees held a meeting last week, we understand, and unanimously tendered the Presidency of this institution to the Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond. It is not yet known that Mr. Hoge will accept.

Commercial.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.
NOVEMBER.

DAY OF MONTH	SUN RISES	SUN SETS
Thursday, 20	7 0	5 0
Friday, 21	7 1	4 50
Saturday, 22	7 2	4 58
Sunday, 23	7 3	4 57
Monday, 24	7 3	4 57
Tuesday, 25	7 4	4 56
Wednesday, 26	7 5	4 55
Thursday, 27	7 6	4 54
Friday, 28	7 6	4 54
Saturday, 29	7 7	4 53
Sunday, 30	7 7	5 53

MOON'S PHASES.	DAY.	HOUR.	MINUTE.
First Quarter, 5	12	16	P. M.
Full Moon, 12	3	49	A. M.
Last Quarter, 19	5	25	"
New Moon, 27	10	50	"

GREENSBORO MARKET, NOV. 25.	
[Reported by RANKIN & McLEAN.]	
BACON, 15	GREENS, 5
BEEF, 4 5	Hides, 6 5
BREWSWAX, 20	Dried, 10 10
BUTTER, 15	HAY, 50 60
COFFEE, 10 1/2	RAISINS, 1 1/2
CANDLES, 25	MOLASSES, 62
Tallow, 22 1/2	NAILS, 6 7
Adamantine, 37 1/2	OATS, 40 1/2
Sperm, 55 1/2	PEAS, 30 1/2
CORN, 75 1/2	Yellow, 62 1/2
Meal, 75 1/2	White, 75 1/2
CHICKENS, 10 1/2	POKE, 7 1/2
APPLES, 50 1/2	EGGS, 2 1/2
Peel'd, 50 1/2	RICE, 8 1/2
PEACHES, 20 1/2	SALT, 2 00 1/2
Unpeel'd, 20 1/2	SUGAR, 14 1/2
Unpeel'd, 20 1/2	Brown, 14 1/2
EGGS, 20 1/2	Cracked, 18 1/2
FEATHERS, 25 1/2	Cracked, 18 1/2
FLOUR, 5 50 1/2	Clarified, 25 1/2
PLASTERED, 10 1/2	TALLOW, 12 1/2
WHEAT, 100 1/2	WOOL, 25 1/2

NORFOLK MARKET, Va., NOV. 17.	
[Reported by ROWLAND & BROTHERS.]	
BACON, 13 1/2	FLOUR, 2 00 1/2
Hams, 13 1/2	Fine, 7 25
Hog round, 13 1/2	Superfine, 7 25
Western Sides, 13 1/2	Extra, 8 00
Shoulders, 8 1/2	Family, 8 50
BEANS, 1 50 1/2	OATS, 40 1/2
B. E. PEAS, 1 42 1/2	SALT, 2 00 1/2
BUCKWHEAT, 9 1/2	Ground Alum, 1 12 1/2
Goshen, 20 1/2	Blow, 1 60 1/2
LARD, 28 1/2	SUGAR, 14 1/2
No 1 & 2, 14 1/2	Refined, 11 1/2
DRIED APPLES, 10 1/2	Cracked, 14 1/2
per bushel, 1 40 1/2	W. India, 10 1/2
Shades, 40 1/2	SHIRAZ, 12 1/2
per bushel, 1 40 1/2	Shade, 7 00 1/2
BEESWAX, 21 1/2	Snap, 4 00 1/2
COTTON, 10 1/2	WHISKY, 26 1/2
White, 67 1/2	Cauden, 1 12 1/2
Mixed, 68 1/2	WHEAT, 10 1/2
Yellow, 67 1/2	Red, 1 12 1/2
COFFEE, 11 1/2	White, 1 50 1/2
Rio, 11 1/2	STAVES, 32 00 1/2
Laguaira, 13 1/2	R. O. Hhd, 47 00 1/2
CANDLES, 25 1/2	H. O. Hhd, 47 00 1/2
Adamantine, 37 1/2	SOAP, 4 1/2
Brown, 4 1/2	Healing, 60 00 1/2
Yellow, 4 1/2	PORK, 21 00 1/2
GUANO, 16 1/2	p. mess, 21 00 1/2
Peruvian, sales, 58 00 1/2	per ton, 58 00 1/2
EGGS, 16 1/2	

WILMINGTON MARKET, NOV. 18.	
[Reported by CUMMING & STYRON.]	
BACON, 13 1/2	NAILS, 5 1/2
N. C. hog round, 13 1/2	TULIPINE, 2 00 1/2
Western Sides, 13 1/2	Yellow dip, 2 40 1/2
Shoulders, 8 1/2	Hard, 1 40 1/2
Hams, 15 1/2	TAR, 1 50 1/2
LARD, 28 1/2	ROBIN, 2 87 1/2
BUTTER, 20 1/2	No 1, 2 87 1/2
BEESWAX, 23 1/2	Common, 1 10 1/2
CANDLES, 25 1/2	SPIRITS, 1 10 1/2
Adamantine, 30 1/2	POTATOES, 1 10 1/2
Sperm, 45 1/2	Buls, 1 10 1/2
CORN, 60 1/2	RICE, 8 1/2
COFFEE, 11 1/2	ALUM, 50 1/2
Rio, 12 1/2	SACK, 1 10 1/2
Laguaira, 13 1/2	SUGAR, 14 1/2
N. C. SHEETINGS, 7 1/2	

Positive Arrangement.
Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

MILITARY SCHOOL, AGAIN.—Last week we called attention to this subject, asking for discussion from those who had taken a more prominent position, before the late State Educational Convention, in its behalf. This discussion they had promised to make through the columns of the Times at our suggestion. We believed it was always proper to enlighten the public mind on all questions relating to the public interest. And it was for this, we asked for the discussion.

From the developments made, however, since the moving of the question, there really seems but little need of discussion. The people are already awake on the subject. And it is now only necessary for the Legislature to take up the question and do their duty by it. To show that there is an interest taken in this matter, it has met with a warm approbation at the hands of nearly every press in the State. We append the following from the Fayetteville Observer:—

We have had in our possession, for 2 months past, a Prospectus, or Plan, of such an Institution, prepared by one of the most distinguished and patriotic sons of North Carolina, (evidently without any concert with Mr. Sumner.) It is too long for insertion in the Observer, and was not designed for publication in that mode; but we intended to publish it in pamphlet form, for gratuitous distribution, if we had been encouraged to hope that the plan would be carried into execution by the people, or by the State Legislature. It proposes to raise a stock company of \$200,000 capital. Some whom we have consulted have doubted whether the amount would be subscribed; whilst others have thought that the Legislature would promptly undertake the support of such a desirable, and even necessary, institution. Others, again, have thought that the United States would willingly make a gift to the State, for that purpose, of the extensive and costly Buildings and Grounds of the Arsenal at this place, which it is supposed will not, at least for many years to come, if ever, be made an Arsenal of Construction, in which capacity only could it be very important to this State or town, as an Arsenal.

We have felt a deep interest in this project, and now that we find it received with so much favor by the Educational Convention, we will publish the pamphlet alluded to, and send it to the members of the Legislature, and to all others who may indicate a wish to have it. The writer will be amply compensated for his labor, as we will be for the expense of printing, if it should lead to any useful result.

DEATH OF JOHN M. CLAYTON.—The papers announce the death of Hon. John M. Clayton, at his residence, in Dover, Delaware, on Sunday evening 9th inst. Mr. Clayton had been suffering from illness for some months past. When Congress closed its session he was so ill as to be detained in Washington for some time. Recovering, he returned to his home, but has ever since been suffering with occasional periods of seeming convalescence. Only a week or two since, it was announced that he was much better, and the hope of his entire recovery expressed. Mr. Clayton has been long in public life, and was held, deservedly, in high estimation as a sagacious, prudent and conscientious statesman.—For many successive years, excepting a short interregnum in which he was Secretary of State under General Taylor's administration, he has represented Delaware in the United States Senate, and was, at the time of his decease, still a member of that body. With the exception of Gen. Cass, he had held a longer connection with the Senate than any statesman now a member of it. During his connection with Gen. Taylor's administration, the famous Clayton and Bulwer treaty was concluded; a treaty that has been much attacked, but which Mr. Clayton always defended, and the American construction of which has been but lately conceded by Great Britain.—Mr. Clayton's qualities of mind were vigorous, but not of the kind to attract attention by their brilliancy; his temperament was calm, mild and conciliatory, and perhaps no American statesman, has passed through so long a term of public life, ever excited less of personal enmity towards himself.

CONGRESS.—This body assembles on Monday week, December the first, and adjourning on the third of March, the inauguration of new administration taking place on the day following.

KILLED. Rev. E. C. Thornton, presiding elder of the Parkersburg (Va.) district of the M. E. Church, South, was killed on the cars near Cleveland a few days since.

The Legislature of N. Carolina.
This body assembled in the city of Raleigh on Monday last. Both Houses are largely Democratic, and we presume they will organize with little difficulty, and to their entire satisfaction. We are looking forward to the discussion of a number of important bills; bills, which if passed, will have much to do with the future history of the State, and of all her citizens.

Having made arrangements for a daily report of all important transactions, our readers need have no fears in reference to being regularly posted up, and at the very earliest date. Our reports of course will not be tinged with partyism, and may, therefore, be strictly and implicitly relied upon.

Since the above was in type, we have received the following intelligence of the first day's proceedings.

SENATE.
The Senators elect to the Legislature of North Carolina assembled in the Senate Chamber, on Monday the 17th inst., at 12 o'clock, M. The former Clerk, the Hon. John Hill, called the house to order, and the oath of office was administered to the Senators by Wm. Thompson, Esq., of Raleigh.

Mr. Hill, of Caswell, nominated for Speaker W. W. Avery, Esq., of Burke, who was elected, and conducted to the Chair by Messrs. Hill and Christian. Mr. Boyd, of Rockingham, nominated for Principal Clerk, the former Clerk, Hon. John Hill. Mr. Christian moved to amend the resolution by appointing Mr. Hill by acclamation; which amendment was accepted, and Mr. Hill was declared, unanimously, Principal Clerk.

Mr. Brogden, of Wayne, moved that Quentin Busbee, Esq., former Reading Clerk, be declared unanimously elected to that office—which was agreed to. Mr. J. B. Jones, of Currituck, nominated James Page, of Randolph, for Principal Door-keeper, which was unanimously concurred in.

Mr. Cunningham, of Person, moved that C. C. Talley, of Chatham, be appointed Assistant Door-keeper, which was unanimously agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Boyd, a message was sent to the House of Commons, informing that body of the organization of the Senate, and their readiness to proceed to public business.

On motion of Mr. Brogden, the rules of the Senate of the last session, were adopted for the government of the present session, until otherwise ordered. Mr. Clark, of Edgecombe, moved that a committee of five be appointed to prepare rules for the government of the Senate, and report.

The Senate then adjourned till Tuesday morning 11 o'clock.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.
At 12 o'clock the House was called to order by Mr. G. Howard, Assistant Clerk to the last Legislature. The counties being called alphabetically, one hundred and two members answered. Several of the members not having yet received their certificates of election, were, on motion of Mr. T. Settle, jr., of Rockingham, allowed to be sworn in—their election being verified by members in possession of certificates. The oaths of office were administered by C. B. Root, Esq., a Justice of the Peace for Wake county.

The members present being sworn in, on motion of Mr. Settle, the House proceeded to the election of Speaker. Mr. Settle nominated J. G. Shepherd, Esq., of Cumberland. Mr. D. D. Ferebee, of Camden, nominated Gen. J. M. Leach, of Davidson. The House voted as follows: for J. G. Shepherd, 71; for J. M. Leach, 29. Mr. Shepherd voted for Mr. Settle; Mr. Leach voted for Mr. Stubbs. The Clerk announced Mr. Shepherd as elected; and he was conducted to the Chair by Messrs. Settle and Ferebee.

Mr. Humphrey, of Onslow, nominated Edward Cantwell, of Wake, as Principal Clerk of the House of Commons.

Mr. H. B. Elliott, of Randolph, nominated Mr. Bagly, of Pasquotank. The vote was: For Cantwell 73; for Bagly 29.

Dr. W. J. Blow, of Pitt, nominated G. Howard, of Wilson, for Assistant Clerk.

Mr. J. W. Crump nominated Mr. W. H. Harrison, of Wake. For Howard 73, for Harrison, 29. Mr. Jenkins, of Warren, nominated W. Webster, of Chatham, as Principal Door-keeper.

Mr. Scott, of Guilford, nominated J. H. Hill, of Randolph. For Webster 79, for Hill 21. Mr. Canister, of Lincoln, nominated W. W. Wright, of Cleveland, as Assistant Door-keeper.

Mr. Leach, of Davidson, nominated W. R. Lovill, of Surry. For Wright 64, for Lovill 85.

Mr. J. F. Hill, of Stokes, moved that a message be sent to the Senate, announcing that the House was duly organized and ready to proceed with the despatch of public business.

On motion of Mr. W. Hill, of Halifax, a committee was appointed to prepare rules for the government of the House.

On motion of Mr. Hill, of Stokes, the rules of the last House of Commons were declared in force until others were adopted.

On motion of Mr. Bullock, of Granville, the House adjourned to Tuesday morning, 11 o'clock.

The Conference.
We promised last week to give a full report from the Conference, but we go to press without it. We offer as the only apology, the Conference has not yet adjourned, and we wish to give the proceedings in full in one issue. They may probably adjourn on Thursday evening. Much business of importance has been transacted. If we find it possible, we will issue an extra, as much anxiety exists in all parts of the State in reference to the proceedings. The weather has been truly delightful and our town was never more crowded.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.—At the late Baptist State Convention, held in Raleigh, we learn from the Recorder, that "an effort was made on Saturday morning to raise an additional fund for the endowment of Wake Forest College. The amount proposed, independent of the former subscriptions and scholarships, was \$50,000, to be taken in subscriptions of not less than \$100, which were to be paid, if that amount could be raised, within three years—otherwise to be null and void. Our readers will scarcely believe us when we say that about one-half (\$25,000,) was subscribed within the period of about one hour. In this we know the friends of the College will rejoice. We have never witnessed such liberality on any similar occasion. Two brethren subscribed \$5,000 each, five \$1000 each, five \$500 each, a few \$200 each, and a large number, perhaps thirty or forty \$100 each. With such an effort as this to begin with, we can but believe that the true friends of the College will make one more effort, which in a short period, will result in the completion of the endowment of this beloved Institution."

PRIVATE CORNER.
NAT BIRD.—Your communication has been received. We welcome you into our list of contributors, and hope your acquaintance may prove pleasant and profitable.

ROWLAND & BROS.—We return our thanks for several favors. The sheet of the New York prices current did not reach us in time for insertion. We are glad to see the prominent stand your Soap has taken in the late Petersburg Fair.

Lottie Linwood.—Your favors have been received. And we can promise our readers something good for the future, for we do truly admire your beautiful sketches.

ANNA M. BATES.—Your large and well filled letter! As usual, full of the very choicest poetry. It is not idle rhyming, but genuine poetry. You cannot trouble us too often with such visits.

Mrs. HUTCHINSON.—Another of your most interesting little stories. "The unfortunate Belle" is very good. The reader's attention is completely tied with the thread of the narrative from the beginning to the end; and then the lesson is so much needed by our young Ladies. Will they not read and profit by the experience of one so unfortunate.

NEW SCHEDULE. The President of the N. C. Railroad has made out a new schedule for the running of the mail train. It will be found in another column. The change takes place to-day.

DEATH. Gen. John H. Eaton, Secretary of War under Gen. Jackson, died in Washington on Monday morning the 17th instant.

SALISBURY HERALD. Mr. J. F. Bell, jr., has retired from the editorship of the Salisbury Herald, and Samuel W. James, Esq., is now sole editor and proprietor of the paper.

An Extra Session. The Alexandria Gazette learns from good authority that Governor Wise will call an extra session of the Virginia Legislature, to assemble about the first of December.

SHIPPING TONNAGE OF U. S.—Total,

June 30, 1855, 5,212,001.—British, in 1854, 5,445,270 tons.

POPULATION OF U. S.—Total, in 1855, 27,114,287. Total wealth of U. S.—\$8,625,093,178. So says the Family Christian Almanac for 1857. W. R. H.

GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F.—The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, will commence its session in this place on Monday next. Considerable preparations are being made by the members of Buena Vista Lodge to have a pleasant, profitable and harmonious meeting.

On Thursday next there will be a public demonstration. The Rev. A. P. Repton will deliver an address at 10 1/2 o'clock, in behalf of the Order. The place will be designated in proper time.

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—A late number of one of our exchanges states, that the demand for this book, which has just been issued from the press, has been so great that the publishers have been unable until the present week to supply the book-sellers. Twenty-five thousand subscribers have been run down by demands for it. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, the Ledger says, and Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, to the amount of \$25,000.

THE MARINE CORPS.—The Marine Corps has the organization of a brigade, and consists of 13 captains, 19 first and 21 second lieutenants and about 1,200 non-commissioned officers, musicians, men, etc.

THE MILITIA.—The militia force of the U. S. consists of 49,764 commissioned officers, and 1,873,558 non-commissioned officers, musicians, artificers and privates; making a total of 2,407,826 men.

THE MINT.—The whole coinage of the U. S., since 1793, is \$498,866,567; of which amount there has been received from California, since 1848, \$313,234,502.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—The following results for four years under the old law, prior to 1845, for four years under the law of 1845, and for four years under the law of 1851, since the last reduction, show the folly of high postage.

High Postage.	
Year 1843.....	\$4,546,000
" 1844.....	4,296,000
" 1845.....	4,237,000
" 1846.....	3,289,000
Reduced Postage.	
Year 1846.....	\$3,487,000
" 1847.....	3,955,000
" 1848.....	4,301,000
" 1849.....	4,705,000
Still further reduced Postage.	
Year 1852.....	\$6,925,971
" 1853.....	6,940,725
" 1854.....	6,355,580
" 1855.....	7,342,146

*Including the government appropriations.

PUBLIC LANDS.—In the year ending June 30, 1855, there were sold of the public lands 15,729,524 acres. The amount sold for cash was 9,777,284 more than the preceding year.

PENSION OFFICE.—The total number of army pensioners, June 30, 1855, was 13,680. Amount paid them within the year, \$1,366,061. Number of navy pensioners 858. Paid them \$139,050. The whole number of acres granted under pension acts, since 1847, is 37,958,412.

PATENT OFFICE.—In the year 1855, about 2,000 patents were issued from the Office to various inventors.

U. S. MARINE HOSPITALS, ETC.—Number of sick and suffering seamen aided in 1855, 13,640; expended for their relief \$293,734.

ICE TRADE.—There are now, 1856, invested in the ice trade of the various parts of the U. S. between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000, employing from 8,000 to 10,000 men.

HAY CROP.—The hay and grass crop of the U. S. for 1855, is officially estimated at \$303,000,000.

COTTON CROP.—The cotton crop of the U. S. for 1855 is estimated at 1,710,000,000 pounds, valued at about \$137,000,000.

MAPLE SUGAR.—The last census shows a yearly manufacture of this article of 34,236,657 pounds. Value \$4,108,338. Maple molasses valued at from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

COAL.—The increase of tons, over 1854, the last year was 960,281.

GOLD PRODUCTION.—The gold product of California for 1855, was \$58,111,446—Australia \$57,953,552. Total product of both countries up to 1856, was \$586,279,000.

IRON PRODUCTION.—The present iron production of the world is about 7,000,000 tons. Of the U. S., 1,000,000. A bar of iron worth \$5 worked into horse-shoes is worth \$10; needles \$355; pen-knife blades, \$9,285; shirt buttons, \$29,489; balance springs of watches, \$250,000. Thirty-one pounds of iron have been made into wire upwards of one hundred and eleven miles in length, and so fine a fabric that part of it was converted, in lieu of horse-hair, into a wig.

LENGTH OF TELEGRAPH LINES.—In the world 72,000 miles—in the U. S. 35,000 miles.

MILES OF R. ROADS IN THE U. S.—23,246. Total increase of miles in the U. S., since 1855, 3,408. The above estimate for the whole U. S. does not include the double and treble tracks which may be set down as 2,000 more.

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our readers that it is to be sold for the low price of one dollar and twenty-five cents, richly bound, too, in scarlet cloth, and that the entire net proceeds are to be appropriated to the benevolent family, we need of for no further inducements to aid in a most worthy object by purchasing the book. The rare merit of the work itself will command a large sale; its cause—the cause of the widow and fatherless, must command a sympathy that will make it instrumental in helping together a noble fund.

J. B. Peterson, Esq., of Philadelphia, utterly regardless of the expense, or of any profit to himself, with a generosity that does honor to the publisher of Philadelphia, has nobly undertaken this work. His well-known liberality will prepare for the public a volume of which any drawing-room, or library, may well be proud; and which may, with beautiful appropriateness, be scattered and interchanged all over the land, at the coming Christmas festivities—the season of gifts and charities, and good will to men. Let the sale then be a large one; let the fund raised be a bumper indeed. No worthy object was ever brought before the American people; and if they but take hold of it with a tithe of the alacrity with which they once seized upon poor Kelley's sketches in the public papers, a most worthy family, who have indeed known better and happier days, will at once be placed beyond the reach of want.

Mr. Peterson is now ready to receive subscriptions, and will promptly file and fill all orders.

NEWSPAPER RECORD.—The publishers (Messrs. Lay & Bro.) have placed in our hands a book bearing the above title. It contains a complete record of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the U. S., territories, and British provinces of North America. In addition to this, it contains the most accurate and reliable statistical information to be found in any similar publication, embracing the origin and progress of printing, both in Europe and America, together with the time and places of the publication of the first newspapers and periodicals in the world.

The work is not only interesting to the general reader, but will be found a valuable book for reference, and should be in the hands of every editor and publisher. It is furnished at \$2 per copy, or 2/10 if sent by mail to any part of the U. S.—Typographical Register.

According to contract, we are entitled to a copy of the above work. Will the publishers please forward a copy.

The November number of the *Typographical Register*, published in Cincinnati, has been received. It contains much useful information for the craft, to all of whom it is sent on application.

GOOD BOOKS. Mr. Robert Prather has placed upon our table some books, which he is engaged in selling. They are strictly religious works but not sectarian, and would do any body good to read them. We unhesitatingly recommend them to the public, especially his "Scripture Emblems and Allegories." This latter work should go with the Bible into every house.

MARRIED.
In Iredell county, N. C., on the 18th inst., by A. B. F. Gaither, Esq., Mr. THOMAS OWENS to Miss ELIZABETH SUMMERS.

In Asheboro, on the morning of the 13th inst., by Rev. B. S. Krider, Mr. R. H. COWAN of Rowan county, to Miss MOLLIE E., daughter of Col. J. M. A. Drake.

OFFICE N. C. RAIL ROAD.
Salisbury, Nov. 18, 1856.

Winter Schedule.—Mail Train on & after Thursday, November 20, 1856.

EAST.	
Leave Charlotte at.....	6.30 A.M.
Concord.....	7.40 "
Salisbury.....	8.50 "
Lexington.....	9.58 "
Thomasville.....	10.35 "
High Point.....	11.01 "
Greensboro.....	11.54 "
Graham.....	1.35 P.M.
Hillsboro.....	2.05 "
Raleigh.....	4.24 "
Arrive at Goldsboro.....	8.00 "

WEST.	
Leave Goldsboro.....	6.30 A.M.
Raleigh.....	9.19 "
Hillsboro.....	11.33 "
Graham.....	1.09 P.M.
Greensboro.....	2.47 "
High Point.....	3.40 "
Thomasville.....	4.03 "
Lexington.....	4.41 "
Salisbury.....	5.44 "
Concord.....	6.55 "
Arrive at Charlotte.....	8.00 "

Nov. 18, 1856. 47

FAIR DISTRIBUTION
C. Schools, 1856.

3	91.18	28	96.82	58	94.00
4	71.44	29	75.20	54	87.42
5	76.14	30	117.50	55	104.34
6	93.06	31	68.62	56	96.82
7	78.96	32	84.60	57	109.04
8	78.96	33	148.52	58	65.80
9	82.72	34	117.44	59	97.76
10	72.38	35	54.52	60	68.62
11	65.80	36	120.32	61	68.68
12	65.80	37	101.52	62	70.50
13	53.58	38	161.68	63	48.88
14	38.54	39	30.08	64	60.16
15	58.28	40	49.82	65	87.42
16	90.24	41	66.74	66	58.28
17	49.82	42	110.92	67	49.82
18	70.50	43	85.54	68	75.20
19	73.32	44	52.64	69	31.02
20	25.88	45	78.96	70	42.30
21	79.50	46	80.84	71	107.16
22	87.42	47	62.04	72	49.82
23	109.98	48	76.14	73	65.80
24	105.28	49	45.12	74	74.20
25	60.16	50	142.88	75	67.68
(47:4)				76	29.14

Original Poetry.

FOR THE TIMES.
There are Many things I Love.
Oh! there are many things I love of earth and sky
And many things I love of earth and sky
Between the things above, nor look so
bright to me,
I love my friend to upward fly, to plunge bright
into the sea,
To range about the fair blue sky, and catch
its melody.
I love on fancy's wings to ride to storm-clouds
and see
Electric flashes dart in void far unknown to
me,
And hear the thunders as they break in wilder
hoarser sounds,
To feel old earth as deep they shake her pillows
under ground,
I love the lyre, the mystic string, that fancy
oft doth see,
Which angels tune and strike and sing in sweet
symphony.
I love at night the moon-beam's play, the river
stars that shine—
Those twinkling orbs in bright array—that
bow at heaven's shrine,
I love, and oh! I love those friends who vigil
round me keep.
When darkness with the sun-light blends and
nature soothes to sleep.
Albemarle, 1856. CAROLUS.

How Dark was the Cloud.
BY VIATOR.
How dark was the cloud, which hung over the
land,
When Alcohol reign'd with a tyrant's command;
When genius was blighted and reason debased,
And men high in station forever disgraced?
We everywhere heard, from the heart-broken
fair—
The sigh of distress, and the groan of despair:
Ill-treated, forsaken, and ready to die—
A heart-rending scene to a merciful eye.
The clouds have roll'd off, and the darkness is
passed,
The throne of old Alcohol trembles at last;
The brave Sons of Temperance are tearing it
down—
Success will their efforts abundantly crown.
A long pull! a strong pull! a pull by us all!
And run's strong defenses, are destined to fall:
The last drunken mortal shall pass from the
stage,
And no more return, to dishonor the Age.

Our Easy Chair.
"Always laugh while you can—it is a cheap
medicine. Mirthfulness is a philosophy not well
understood. It is the sunny side of existence."

SCENE IN A FRENCH COURT.—The
French papers daily abound in descriptive
court scenes of the richest and wittiest char-
acter. Most of them, however, being of a
local nature, lose all interest when translat-
ed. We submit one below which is highly
characteristic of that nomadic race, the
French *bonshommes*, and of the rules and regu-
lations of the theatre.

The plaintiff, who answers to the eu-
phonic appellation of Narcissus, is brought up
in the court and the following dialogue ensues:

Narcissus—Your honor, I am a dramatic
artist, and my line that of "lovers." I am
forced to be excessively affectionate in my
roles, but my warmth, my enthusiasm, in
fact everything which brings down the house,
is now sought to be turned to my
disadvantage.

Judge—Explain yourself.

Narcissus—Why, I receive a hundred
francs a month, and they want to make me
pay one hundred and fifty for properties.

Judge—Properties? What kind of prop-
erties?

Narcissus—Kisses. [Laughter.] A hun-
dred and fifty francs for kisses for one man;
it's exorbitant. [Renewed laughter.] That,
however, is the amount which Valois, our
noble father, has the audacity to demand
of me.

The father—Stop off a fellow.

Judge—How is that?

Father—It is easily understood. In ev-
ry theatre there exists the following regu-
lations:

Art. 1. When the stage directions re-
quire an actor to kiss an actress, he must
pretend to do so.

Art. 2. Every actor who shall kiss an
actress without her formal permission, shall
be fined five francs per kiss.

Art. 3. Pressing an actress upon the
heart shall be fined two francs and a half.

Now, Narcissus has pressed my wife to
his heart ten times, instead of merely pre-
tending to do so. That makes twenty-five
francs.

Narcissus—It's more than it's worth.
Father—Besides, he has kissed her twenty-
five times, and no mistake about it,
which thus makes up the sum claimed,
namely, a hundred and fifty francs.

Narcissus—I didn't kiss her without her
consent, so that I don't owe anything.

Father—My wife declares to the contra-
ry.

Narcissus—That's good; do you expect
your wife to tell you the truth on such a
matter? I demand her evidence.

Father—I demand payment according to
dramatic usage.

Narcissus—Well, since you are deter-
mined, let's come to terms. I'll make a
reasonable offer.

Father—That's agreed.

Narcissus—Well, I offer to return them
to her. [Tremendous laughter.]

When the judge had succeeded in re-
gulating silence, he finished the discussion
by sending the parties to their manager,
desiring him to arrange the dispute. We
hope the noble father showed himself mag-
nanimous.

A LOST ART.—The art of making large
beaves with the lakers.

We remember of hearing of an old lady
"down east," who, after keeping a hired
man on liver near a month, one day said to
him, "Mr. —, I don't know as you like
liver." "O, yes," said he, "I like it ve-
ry well for fifty or sixty meals, but I don't
think I should like it for a steady diet."
The parsimonious old lady "served up
something else for the next collation."

Creditors never annoy a man while he
is getting up in the world. A man of
wealth only pays his butcher once a year.
Let bad luck overtake him, and his meat
bill will come in every morning, as regu-
larly as breakfast and hungry children.

WHAT IS A COQUETTE?—A young lady
of more beauty than sense; more accom-
plishments than learning; more charms of
person than grace of mind; more admir-
ers than friends; more fools than wise men
for attachments.

A western editor, speaking of the vener-
able appearance of a stump orator, says,
"he stood up like 'one of 'em,' with his
bald head and hands in his breeches pocket."

The fellow who tried to fix up his coffee
with the milk of human kindness, says it
is ten times weaker than the chalk and
water dealt out from cans at six cents per
quart.

The Farmer.

Cabbages For Feeding Purposes.

A paper is published in the Transac-
tions of the Highland and Agricultural
Society of Scotland on the relative value
of the cabbage for feeding at different stages
in its growth. The head, as is well
known, attains a very large size before its
heart is formed, and after that time in-
creases comparatively little in weight, the
outer leaves decaying to greater or less ex-
tent. But although this is the case, it is
not customary to make use of till the heart
is formed, the propriety and economy of
which practice has been called in question
and, as it seems now, very properly. The
conclusion arrived at, in fact, is that the
cabbage in the younger stage "may be used
even when its weight falls considerably
short of that which it may afterwards at-
tain," from the chemical superiority of its
constituents at that time. "In estimating
the value of the field cabbage in relation
to other cattle food, it may be most safely
compared with the turnip. The full-grown
cabbage, taking together both leaves and
heart, is almost exactly equal in value to
the same quantity of turnip, while the young
cabbage is equal to nearly double its
weight of that root. It must not be sup-
posed, however, that this is to be assumed
as invariable; so far from this being the
case, it is quite possible that the average
difference may not be so large as it has
proved in the present instance; and while
I should be sorry to have it supposed that
the single analysis now given should be
taken to indicate the invariable relations
in value to the young and old cabbage,
they merit attention as pointing to a fact,
which, if confirmed by further experiment,
may prove of considerable practical impor-
tance."

PAVEMENTS AND HEALTH.—Every city
should endeavor to have its streets well
paved, because health and pavements have
an intimate relationship. In the city of
Rome the utmost watchfulness is exercised
respecting the pavement of the streets,
because it has been found that malarial
fever is sure to visit every unpaved local-
ity in it. In the city of Liverpool, Eng-
land, narrow and unpaved streets in which
the typhus fever used to rage the year round,
were rendered healthy by paving—the fever
disappearing with the entrance of the
paving stones.

We are confident that any city having
clean, well-paved streets and a plentiful
supply of good water, is just as healthy,
if not more so, than the majority of rural
villages. Stagnant pools of water are the
well known sources of miasma; paved
streets carry off the surface of the water
that would otherwise become stagnant in
numerous holes and hollows.

Many villages once afflicted with fever
and ague, have become free from it af-
ter their streets were graded and paved.
We recommend this subject to the attention
of all cities and villages troubled with ma-
larian fevers; they will find it to be of
vast importance to look well to the condi-
tion of their streets.—*Scientific Ameri-
can.*

HYDROPATHY APPLIED TO SWARMING
BEES.—Dr. Robinson, of Farmington, N.
Y., informs the Country Gentleman that he
succeeded perfectly with a swarm of
bees that persisted in collecting in thick
masses outside the hive, and doing nothing.
He bored a hole through the top, which
happened, as he wished, to strike
the space between the combs. He then
fitted a small hive above the old one, and
standing at a respectful distance, with a
syringe in his hands, continued to shoot
the bees with a delicate broadside of cold
water. They soon retired to the interior
and, according to the holes, occupied
the new hive above.

They immediately went to work to fill

it, and in about five weeks it was found
to contain some twenty pounds of honey.

Another person had accomplished the
same purpose by covering the top with
fresh branches of trees, and then imitating
a shower of rain by drenching these branches
with a watering pot.

This is worth the attention of some of
our bee men.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF LINEN.—
Stains caused by acids can be removed by
wetting the part and laying it on some
salt of wormwood; then rub without dilu-
ting it with more water.

Or, tie up in the stained part some
pearlash, then scrape some soap into cold
soft water to make a lather, and boil the
linen till the stain disappears.

Recent stains of fruit may be removed
by holding the linen tightly stretched over
a tub and pouring hot water over the part.
This may be done before any soap has
been applied to it. As soon as the stain
is made on table linen, &c., rub on it com-
mon table salt, before it has had any time
to dry. The salt will keep it damp till
the cloth is washed, when the stain will
disappear; or, wash the stain lightly when
the cloth is removed.

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
DEALERS IN
FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C.

Will keep constantly on hand,
Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour,
Butter, Lard, Soap, Crackers, Starch, Oils,
Snuff, &c., &c.

References.—O. G. Parsley, President of
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1 DOZ. WHEELER'S History of N.
Carolina.

Just received and for sale by
July, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

JUST RECEIVED, per N. C. R.
R., a large lot of Nails, Iron, Malleable Cast-
ings, Springs, Axles, Carriage Trimmings, &c.,
English, German and Brass Sythes and Saws;
Lock, Breast and Drawing Chains; Mill Saw
Files, Rasps and Chisels, &c. Cheap by
RANKIN & McLEAN.
N. E. corner Market & Davy Streets.

EMPLOYMENT.
AGENTS (either traveling or local)
for NEWSPAPERS and PERIODICALS,
are requested to send, WITHOUT DELAY,
their address to the undersigned, and they will
be furnished with a business which will yield
them from 100 to 200 per cent. profit. They
will please state what Newspapers or Periodi-
cals they have canvassed for. Persons who
have not hitherto acted as Agents, but who
would like to engage as such, will also please
send their names, Post-office address, County
and State, written plainly.

WRIGHT, MASON & CO.,
(88:2m) New York.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.
Ambrotypes.
THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the
ladies and gentlemen of Greensboro and vi-
cinity, that he is now prepared to take AM-
BROTYPE LIKENESSES in all the beauty of
art; that he has the Daguerreotype in
beauty of delineation, giving the most delicate
contrast between light and shade, making a
positive picture that can be seen in any light,
and are not affected by atmosphere or water,
and will last for all time.

Also,
DAGUERRETYPE, in all the various
branches of the art with the newest im-
provements.—Instructions given in Ambrotypy
and Daguerreotype on reasonable terms. APPA-
RATUS and STOCK furnished if desired.
12:1y A. STARKETT.

JUST RECEIVED A LOT OF
BEEBEE'S fine No. 1 MOLE-SKIN HATS,
also a lot of BLACK, BROWN, TAN and all
colors of soft FUR HATS which will be sold
at low figures.

GILMER & HENDRIX.
(43:4f) Oct. 22nd 1856.

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of
Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by
mutual consent. The business of the Firm will
be settled by G. W. Harrell.
Sept. 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fas-
hions.
Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of infor-
ming the public that he has received his supply
of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions
for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many ad-
vantages I have had, having been a pupil of
Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebra-
ted for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that
I cannot be excelled in GARMENT CUTTING
in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowledgments
for the very liberal patronage I have received
since I have been in business here, and hope to
merit and receive a liberal share of public fa-
vor.

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr.
Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the
Blind House.
G. W. HARRELL.
Oct. 1856. 40:4f

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S GOOD TO DAY!
GO to S. ARCHER'S, on East Mar-
ket Street opposite the Farmers Bank, and
you will find the cheapest and largest

STOCK OF READY MADE CLOTHING,
Boots, Hats, fine cotton and fancy Shirts, me-
rine, woolen and cotton Undershirts and Draw-
ers, Comforts, Cravats, Stocks, Suspend-
ers, Buttons and Buttons Collars, and everything
else ever kept in a Gentleman's furnishing
STORE.

Gold, Silver and plated Watches, bob and
vest Chains, Fingerings, Breastpins, Earrings,
Porte Monnaies, Revolvers, Pistols, and other
things too numerous to mention.

ALL GOODS ARE WARRANTED.
These Goods were all bought for cash, and
at a figure which I am satisfied will enable me to
sell them very cheap for cash. Give me a
CALL before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful
for the past patronage, I hope by strict atten-
tion to merit a continuance.

S. ARCHER.
A few of those warm Overshoes for Ladies
and Gentlemen on hand and for sale cheap by
Sept. 25

2 Tierce Rice,
13 BBL. MOJASSES,
15 BBL. RIO, LAURA & JAVA,
12 BBL. SUGARS ASSORTED,
15 BBL. ADAMANTINE & TAL-
LOW CANDLES,
S BBL. No. 1. Cut N. C. HERRINGS
just received and for sale by
June 18, 1856. RANKIN & McLEAN.

A GENERAL assortment of Hard-
ware, Grain and Grass Sythes, Nails,
Cordage, &c.
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.
April, 1856.

New Books.
Miss Murray's Letters,
Widow Bedot papers, Mem-
oirs of Sidney Smith, Picknick Pa-
pers, T. S. Arthur's work, Nickleback-
er, Ernest Lindwood, India the pearl of
Pearl River, The New Purchase, Forrest Trug-
edy and other Tales Edith the Quakeress,
Campfire's of the Redmen &c.
May 1856. E. W. OGBURN.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.
A GOOD second-hand Carriage for
sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

PASSENGERS TO
NORFOLK COLLEGE.
A TWO-HORSE HACK will be at
the College every day, except Sunday, to
carry the MAIL and PASSENGERS to the
College.

The distance is six miles; first-rate road;
fare, twenty-five cents.
All boxes, bundles, &c., for any person at
Normal, will be promptly delivered, if address-
ed to my care at Thomsville.
June 20, 1856. H. H. SMALL.
(26:4f)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Commission Merchants,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, ad-
vantageously, any quantity of flour from
Orange, Abbeville, Guilford and neighboring
counties. Many years experience with every
facility and ability enables us to guarantee sat-
isfaction and promptness in all sales. We have
sold for, and refer to among many others:

Hon. THOS. REEVES, Albemarle,
John W. LYNCH, do
P. A. HOLY, do
W. R. ALBRIGHT, do
A. H. LINDLEY, do
P. C. CAMERON, do
J. W. LYON, do
W. J. BUSHAM, do
E. G. READE, do
G. & H. WILLIAMS, do
Feb. 6. 6:1y.

MASSACHUSETTS, new Crop, just received and
for sale by
RANKIN & McLEAN.
BLANK WARRANTS FOR SALE

Cabinet Furniture

AND
COTTAGE BEDSTADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTADS, with other
articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept con-
stantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Man-
ufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street,
between West Market and Sycamore.
Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received
at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

Text Books, used in Colleges and Common
Schools, kept constantly on hand by
E. W. OGBURN.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.
WE the undersigned Commission-
ers having been appointed by the County
Court of Guilford to procure plans from
which to make a selection for Building a NEW
COURT HOUSE in Greensboro, and also for
proposals for Building the same, hereby in-
vite the persons desirous of getting the contract to
submit their plans and proposals for the
same for inspection at Nov. Court.

GENERAL PLAN.—The building to be about
64 by 44 of brick, six room below stairs two
above stairs and court room beside, about 40
feet square.

C. P. MENDENHALL
JED. H. LINDSAY,
PETER ADAMS,
ISAAC THACKER,
JOHN W. FIELDS.
(43:4f) Oct. 22nd 1856.

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May 1856. E. W. OGBURN.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.
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